## The Light in the Clearing

A TALE of the NORTH COUNTRY in the TIME of SILAS WRIGHT

By IRVING BACHELLER.

Author of EBEN HOLDEN, D'RI AND I, DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES, KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE, Etc., Etc.

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should. You remember Rovin' Kate?'

"Some day when you're a little older

I'll tell ye her story an' you'll see

what happens when men an' women

break the law o' God. Here's Mr.

Wright's letter. Aunt Deel asked me

to give it to you to keep. You're old

I took the letter and read again the

"To Master Barton Baynes:

(To be opened when he leaves home

to go to school)."

I put it away in the pine box with

leather hinges on its cover which

wondered again what it was all about,

gone afoot, I knew not where. He

returned one afternoon in a buggy

with the great Michael Hacket of the

Canton academy. Hacket was a big,

brawny, red-haired, kindly Irishman

with a merry heart and tongue, the

latter having a touch of the brogue of

[END OF BOOK ONE.]

BOOK TWO

Which Is the Story of the Prin-

cipal Witness.

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which I Meet Other Great Men.

ber on which Aunt Deel and Uncle Pea-

body took me and my little pine chest

with all my treasures in it to the vil-

lage where I was to go to school and

live with the family of Mr. Michael

I remember the sad excitement of

that ride to the village and all the

words of advice and counsel spoken

I remember looking in vain for Sally

as we passed the Dunkelbergs'. I re-

member my growing loneliness as the

day wore on and how Aunt Deel stood

silently buttoning my coat, with tears

leaned back upon the gate in front of

the Hacket house, on Ashery lane, cry-

ing to act like a man and rather

ashamed of my poor success. Uncle

Peabody stood surveying the sky in

silence with his back toward us. He

turned and nervously blew out his

breath. His lips trembled a little as

"I dunno but what it's goin' to

I watched them as they walked to

the tavern sheds, both looking down

at the ground and going rather unsteadily. Oh, the look of that beloved

pair as they walked away from me !-

the look of their leaning heads! Their silence and the sound of their foot-

steps are, somehow, a part of the pic-

ture which has hung all these years

Sally Dunkelberg and her mother

they went on, Sally waving her hand

heard the door open behind me and the

I turned and went into the house.

"Away with sadness-laddie buck!"

its case while I sat wiping my eyes,

"Bart." he called, "Tve a friend

by my aunt.

he said:

in my memory.

voice of Mr. Hacket:

rain."

It was a sunny day late in Septem-

ise an' help with the chores

He was then a man of forty.

superscription on its envelope:

the silent trails of knowledge.

he asked by and by.

"Yes." I answered.

### BARTON MAKES HIS FIRST FORAY INTO THE WORLD AS A STUDENT IN MICHAEL HACKET'S ACADEMY

Synopsis.—Barton Baynes, an orphan, goes to live with his uncle, Peabody Baynes, and his Aunt Deel on a farm on Rattleroad, in a neighborhood called Lickitysplit, about the year 1826. He meets Sally Dunkelberg, about his own age, but socially of a class above the Bayneses, and is fascinated by her pretty face and fine clothes. Barton also meets Roving Kate, known in the neighborhood as the "Silent Woman." Amos Grimshaw, a young son of the richest man in the township, is a visitor at the Baynes home and Roving Kate tells the boys' fortunes, predicting a bright future for Barton and death on the gallows for Amos. Barton meets Silas Wright, Jr., a man prominent in public affairs, who evinces much interest in the boy. Barton learns of the power of money when Mr. Grimshaw threatens to take the Baynes farm unless a note which he holds is paid. Now in his sixteenth year, Barton, on his way to the post office at Canton, meets a stranger and they ride together. They encounter a highwayman, who shoots and kills the stranger. Barton's horse throws him and runs away. As the murderer bends over the stranger Barton throws a stone, which he observes wounds the thief, who makes off at once.

#### CHAPTER VII-Continued.

The beauty of that perfect day was upon her. I remember that her dress was like the color of its fireweed blossoms and that the blue of its sky was in her eyes and the yellow of the sunlight in her hair and the red of its clover in her cheeks. I remember how the August breezes played with her enough now an' you'll be goin' away to hair, flinging its golden curving strands school before long, I guess." about her neck and shoulders so that it touched my face, now and then, as we walked! Somehow the rustle of her dress started a strange vibration in my spirit. I put my arm around her walst and she put her arm around mine as we ran along. A curious feeling came over me. I stopped and Uncle Peabody had made for me and loosed my arm.

"It's very warm!" I sald as I picked a stalk of fireweed.

What was there about the girl which so thrilled me with happiness?

She turned away and felt the ribbon by which her hair was gathered at the back of her head. After a moment of silence I ven-

tured: "I guess you've never fallen in love."

"Yes, I have." "Who with?"

"I don't think I dare tell you," she the green isle which he had never seen, answered, slowly, looking down as she

"I'll tell you who I love if you wish," I said. "Who?"

"You." I whispered the word and gave me a little shake. "Lad! you've was afraid she would laugh at me, but got a pair of shoulders! Ye shall live

We stopped and listened to the song if ye wish to." of a bird-I do not remember what bird it was-and then she whispered: "Will you love me always and for- knew not what to think of it.

"Yes," I answered in the careless way of youth.

She stopped and looked into my eyes and I looked into hers.

"May I kiss you?" I asked, and afraid, with cheeks burning.

She turned away and answered: "I

guess you can if you want to." Now I seem to be in Aladdin's tower and to see her standing so red and graceful and innocent in the sunlight, and that strange fire kindled by our kisses warms my blood again,

That night I heard a whispered conference below after I had gone upstairs. I knew that something was coming and wondered what it might Hacket, the schoolmaster.



ever?"

be. Soon Uncle Peabody came up to to me as they turned the corner below. our little room looking highly serious. I felt ashamed of myself. Suddenly I Hacket returned. I sat, half undressed and rather fearful, looking into his face. As I think of the immaculate soul of the boy, I feel a touch of pathos in that scene. I think that he felt it, for I remember that his whisper trembled a little as he began to tell me why men are strong and women are beautiful and given in he exclaimed as he took his violin from

busy. Just a light word o' recognition by way o' common politeness! Then laugh, if ye can an' do it quickly, lad, an' she will pass on." The last words were spoken in a

rude, I always pretend to be very

whisper, with one hand on my breast. He turned the strings and played the "Fisher's Hornpipe." What a romp of merry music filled the house! I had never heard the like and was soon smiling at him as he played. His bow and fingers flew in the wild frolic of of my sadness into a world all new to

"Now, God bless your soul, boy!" he exclaimed, by and by, as he put down his instrument. "We shall have a good stroke o' work this day! Come, I have down the street with lanterns. a guide here that will take us down to the land o' the fairles."

Then with his microscope he showed me into the wonder world of littleness of which I had no knowledge.

"The microscope is like the art o' the teacher," he said. "I've known a good teacher to take a brain no bigger than a fly's foot an' make it visible to the

One of the children, of which there were four in the Hacket home, called us to supper. Mrs. Hacket, a stout woman with a red and kindly face, sat at one end of the table, and between them were the children-Mary, a pretty daughter of seventeen years; Maggle, a six-year-old; Ruth, a delicate girl of seven, and John, a noisy, redfaced boy of five. The chairs were of plain wood-like the kitchen chairs of oday. In the middle of the table was an empty one-painted green. Before he sat down Mr. Hacket put his hand on the back of this chair and said: "A merry heart to you, Michael

and again that night I broke camp and moved further into the world over I wondered at the meaning of this, but dared not to ask. The oldest Uncle Peabody went away for a few daughter acted as a kind of moderator days after the harvesting. He had with the others.

"Mary is the constable of this house with power to arrest and hale into court for undue haste or rebellion or Impoliteness," Mr. Hacket explained.

"I believe that Sally Dunkelberg Is your friend," he said to me presently "Yes, sir," I answered.

"A fine slip of a girl that and a born scholar. I saw you look at her as for he had been born in Massachusetts and had got his education in Harvard. the Persian looks at the rising sun." I blushed and Mary and her mother yesterday. The sheriff said that he and the boy John looked at me and tried to run away when he saw 'em "You're coming to me this fall," he said as he put his hand on my arm and laughed.

"Puer pulcherrime!" Mr. Hacket

exclaimed with a kindly smile. Uncle Peabody would have called it "stout snag." The schoolmaster had bed-I cannot even now explain why, "That'll be grand," said Uncle Peahauled it out of his brain very deftly body, but, as to myself, just then, I and chucked it down before me in a kind of challenge.

"What does that mean?" I asked. "You shall know in a week, my son," he answered. "I shall put you into the Latin class Wednesday morning, and God help you to like it as well as you like Sally."

Again they laughed and again I blushed. "Hold up yer head, my brave lad," he went on. "Ye've a perfect right to

like Sally if ye've a heart to. "A lad in his 'teens Will never know beans
If he hasn't an eye for the girls."

It was a merry supper, and when it ended Mr. Hacket rose and took the green chair from the table, exclaim-

"Michael Henry, God bless you!" Then he kissed his wife and said: "Maggie, you wild rose of Erin! I've een all day in the study. I must take a walk or I shall get an exalted abdomen. One is badly beaten in the race o' life when his abdomen gets ahead of his toes. Children, keep our young friend happy here until I come back, rolling down her cheeks while I and mind you, don't forget the good

fellow in the green chair." Mary helped her mother with the fireside. Soon Mrs. Hacket and the pressive intonation. children came and sat down with me. "Let's play backgammon," Mary pro-

"I don't want to," said John. "Don't forget Michael Henry," she

"Who is Michael Henry?" I asked. "Sure, he's the boy that has never been born," said Mrs. Hacket. "He them-kind an' helpful an' cheery hearted an' beloyed o' God above all the others. We try to live up to him." He seemed to me a very strange and wonderful creature—this invisible oc-

cupant of the green chair. I know now what I knew not then that Michael Henry was the spirit of came along and said that they were their home—an ideal of which the glad I had come to school. I could empty green chair was a constant re-

not talk to them, and seeing my trouble minder. We played backgammon and "old maid" and "everlasting" until Mr.

The sealed envelope which Mr. Wright had left at our home, a long time before that day, was in my pocket. here who has something to say to you. At last the hour had come when I could open it and read the message of which I had thought much and

with a growing interest. I rose and said that I should like to go to my room. Mr. Hacket lighted "You'll be falling in love one o' "Away with sadness! She often raps a candle and took me upstairs to a these days," he said "It's natural ye at my door, and while I try not to be little room where my chest had been

posited. There were in the room d, a chair, a portrait of Napoleon aparte and a small table on which were a dictionary, a Bible and a numper of schoolbooks.

"These were Mary's books," said Mr. Hacket. "I told your uncle that ye could use them an' welcome." I sat down and opened the sealed

envelope with trembling hands and found in it this brief note:

"Dear Partner: I want you to ask the wisest man you know to explain these words to you. I suggest that you commit them to memory and think often of their meaning. They are from

"'His bones are full of the sins of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust.'

"I believe that they are the most impressive in all the literature I have

> "Yours truly, "SILAS WRIGHT, JR."

I read the words over and over again, but knew not their meaning. Sadly and slowly I got ready for bed. The noises of the village challenged the "Devil's Dream." It led me out my ear after I had put out my candle. There were many barking dogs. Some horsemen passed, with a creaking of saddle leather, followed by a wagon. Soon I heard running feet and eager voices. I rose and looked out of the time together—that we will. Not a open window. Men were hurrying

> "He's the son o' Ben Grimshaw," I heard one of them saying. "They caught him back in the south woods



Went With Him While He Fed His Chickens and Two Small Shotes.

What was the meaning of this! What had Amos Grimshaw been doing? I trembled as I got back into

but long ago I gave up trying to fathom the depths of the human spirit with an infinite sea beneath it crossed by subtle tides and currents. We see only the straws on the surface, I was up at daylight and Mr. Hacket

came to my door while I was dressing. "A merry day to you!" he exclaimed, 'I'll await you below and introduce you to the humble herds and flocks of a schoolmaster."

I went with him while he fed his chickens and two small shotes. I milked the cow for him, and together we drove her back to the pasture. Then we split some wood and filled the boxes by the fireplace and the kitchen stove and raked up the leaves in the dooryard and wheeled them away.

"Now you know the duties o' your office," said the schoolmaster as we went in to breakfast.

We sat down at the table with the family and I drew out my letter from the senator and gave it to Mr. Hacket to read.

"The senator! God prosper him! I heard that he came on the Plattsburg stage last night," he said as he began the reading-an announcement which caused me and the children to clap our hands with joy.

Mr. Hacket thoughtfully repeated dishes, while I sat with a book by the the words from Job with a most im-

He passed the letter back to me and

"All true! I have seen it sinking into the bones o' the young and I have seen it lying down with the aged in the dust o' their graves. It is a big book-the one we are now opening. God help us! It has more pages than all the days o' your life. Just think was to be the biggest and noblest of o' your body. A brave and tender them—kind an' helpful an' cheery youth! It is like a sponge. How it takes things in an' holds 'em an' feeds upon 'em! A part o' every apple ye eat sinks down into yer blood an' bones. Ye can't get it out. It's the same way with the books ye read an' the thoughts ye enjoy. They go down into yer bones an' ye can't get 'em out. Henry. His food is good thoughts and his wine is laughter. I had a long visit with M. H. last night when ye were all in bed. His face was a chunk o' laughter. Oh, what a limb he is! I wish I could tell ye all the good things he said."

> Barton and the Hackets hear some news that startles them and sets Barton to worrying about a secret that he shares with no one. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney, or bladder trouble and never

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy con-

dition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. You may suffer pain in the back, head-ache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irrita-ble and may be despondent; it makes any

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to evercome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

Gave Himself Away.

"There goes one fellow who will never complain of the service here again," remarked the head clerk of the Seavlew inn.

"What makes you so sure of that?" "He came rushing up to the desk ust now as mad as a hornet and demanded to see the 'warden.' "-Birmingham Age-Herald.

# THIN PEOPLE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are often due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate should produce a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health.

ishing.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should disappear, dull eyes become bright, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health.

CAUTION: — Although bitro-phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, it should not, owing to its tendency to increase weight, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on fiesh.

# The Mission of Swift & Company

Swift & Company has become one of the large businesses of the world through continuing to meet the growing needs of a nation and a world.

Society has a right to ask how the increasing responsibilities and opportunities for usefulness which go with such growth are being used by the men who direct its affairs-and the men have the right to answer:

To promote the production of live stock and perishables and increase the food supply;

To reach more people with more and better meat;

To make a fair competitive profit, in order to reimburse the 25,000 shareholders for the use of their capital, and to provide for the future development of the business;

To reduce to a minimum the costs of preparing and distributing meat and to divide the benefits of efficiency with producer and consumer:

To live and let live, winning greater business only through greater usefulness, with injury to nothing but incompetency, inefficiency and waste; to deal justly, fairly, and frankly with all mankind.

These are the purposes and motives of the men who direct the policies and practices of Swift & Company.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.



New Dignities. "We're getting our turn at last," remarked the cheery salesman as he figtired the government's share in the transaction.

"How do you mean?" "We used to be only taxpayers. Now most of us are also tax collect-

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is not a "lo-zenge" or "syrup," but a real old-fashioned done of medicine which cleans out Worms or Tapeworm with a single dose. Adv.

A Little Learning, Etc. "My husband says he cannot under

stand women." "My husband says after a man does inderstand women he wishes he didn't."-Boston Evening Transcript.

Prefers Hot Pitch Soup. Hub-What do you call this?

Wife-That's angel cake, dear, Hub-Well, if that's what angels are compelled to live on I'm going to resign as deacon in our church.—Boston Evening Transcript.

We hope the nations of the future may be so well drilled that not one shall step on another's heels.